

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, April 8. 1708.

I Could not help upbraiding you in my last, with the barbarous Treatment you give your *Northern Brethren* about their joining the *French Invaders*, and falling in with a vile Pretender; I have examin'd your shallow, very shallow Reasons for this abominable Suggestion, and indeed they are weak enough, and the Thing is just as ill-grounded, as other Slanders us'd to be; I have endeavour'd to shew you the Absurdity of the Charge, the Impossibility of the Practice, and the Inconsistency of it, both with their Principles, their Temper, and their Interest.

But I must tell you a Story—A good Woman that had but too much Care of her Son, whom she was Jealous would fall into some idle Boys Company, or perhaps get too much Love to his Play—was very uneasy about a Fair that was to be at the next Vil-

lage in a Day or two after; upon this she discovers her Fears to a Neighbour, a Confident of hers, and so it run round them all, that the young Rogue would run away from his Mother, and go to the Fair; at last her Suspicions encreasing, she calls up her Boy in the Morning of the Fair, *Sirrah*, says the good Wife, you are a going to the Fair to Day, I suppose? *Not I*, indeed Mother says the Boy, *but you will*, *Sirrah*, says the Mother; Indeed I won't Mother, says the Boy; I am sure you will, *Sirrah*, says the Mother, indeed Mother I never intended it, and I will not go, Mother, says the Boy, it's no Matter for that, says the Mother, I am sure you will go, and I'll pay you for it before-hand, *you Rogue you*, and so up goes the poor Boy—You may all apply the Story, Gentlemen, if you please, how

how have we whip'd the Boy before-hand here, how have we damn'd the *Scots* for Rebels before-hand, and whip'd them because they *would go to the Fair*, whether they knew any thing of the Matter or no?

Now having, I hope, to your own Conviction, laid home the Rudeness and Unmannerliness, as well as the Unkindness of this Treatment, I come to let you see, how blindly you have been led into this Rashness, and by who—— And when I have brought you to acknowledge, you were first Clowns in it, then Fools in it, as I doubt not I shall do; I may attempt a little to shew you the Immorality of it, and tell you, *you were K——s* in it too; of which at Leisure.

And who do you think have drawn you into this Snare? From what Fountain does it flow, but from that Lake of Death and Slander, the bottomless Pit of Envy and Revenge, which being long rak'd in by the Agents of *High Flying Jacobite* Principles, have sent forth a Stench of noxious and nauseous Vapour, that has infected the Sences of those, who of themselves, and uninfluenced by these Sons of Hell, had better Principles to act from, and pretended to aim at other Ends.

With these Delusions they have as it were deceiv'd the very Elect, and you, whose Eyes were always till now open both to Truth and to the Enemies of Truth, have now suffer'd these wretched People to invade your Sences, and cover your Understanding with the *thick Darknes of Egypt*, that may be felt.

I need not tell you what wicked End they answer in this, at least I think I need not dwell long upon them; but give me leave to give you a Sketch of Hell, let me open a little Garret Window, in at which you may peep into this Gulph, and see, if the Stench does not poison you, or the Smoke blind you, the Factors of *Sathan* busie, trafficking his Infernal Merchandize, his Workmen forging and hammering out the Tools, and Engines by which this horrid Mechanism of Mischief is formed.

1. Here you have Politick Vulcans with the Cyclops of the Lake hard at Work,

forging and malling Vizors for Disguise of Parties.—These are made of a Metall superior to Brass in its Quality, exquisitely fitted to disfigure, transfigure, and in short effectually form the *Deceptio Visus* of Parties; with this Mask on, a *Jesuit* may preach in a *Protestant* Pulpit, a *Jacobite* cant for the Revolution, and a *High-Flyer* cry out at a *French* Invasion; mask'd in these Vizors, the Party that in their Aim pursues our Destruction, bemoans our Misfortunes, *Tories* complain of Mismanagement, *Runagado L—s* make long Speeches for deposing a *Whig* Ministry; they that betray our Councils cry out loudest of *French* Correspondence, and those that wish us impoverish'd complain of our Losses conceal'd under this Out-side; the High Gentlemen walk *Incognito*, when their very Souls rejoyce at our Disasters, they shed Crocodile Tears at the Relation, ring Peals of disconsolate Sighs, cry out of our despicable Condition, our desperate Circumstances, that we are ruin'd and undone, and lingring into Destruction; then with inward Joy, but Sorrow in Masquerade, they descant upon the Power, Vigilance, Management and Success of the grand Enemy, as invincible and invulnerable, and that we ought in Time to give over this fruitless War, and attempt Impossibilities no more.

2. How you may see Cabals of the black Council sending Expresses, Missionaries and Dispatches into this poor unhappy World, furnished with Lungs like Bellows, to blow up the Fire of Party-Strife, and stor'd with the Combustibles of Eternal Dissention—These are qualify'd with oily Words, windy Paraphrases, exquisite Dissimulation, Sophistry to Perfection, and all Manner of Artifice to delude, inflame, insinuate, and in Effect fill the World with intestine Combustion and Disorder; these are busie in every Part, and having their menial Servants of every kind in every Part, they fail not to promote the Hellish Interest in forming Divisions, Dissentions, and constant Strife in Nations, in Families, in Parties, between Friends and Brethren, and even such whose Interests are unseparable.

3. Here you may see the horrid Magazine, in which Stores of all Sorts of Hellish In-

Instruments and Tools are laid up, for the Ruin of Nations, and prompting People to destroy one another.

Here are Coals of Strife of a sulphureous Nature, which being glittering, in Colour gay, and not easily known, are secretly convey'd among the most valluable Treasure of a Nation, but being found by the least Breath of an ambitious Air, take Fire immediately, and burn up all our pleasant Things; here are Bones of Contention, which being cast secretly among the Hungry, either in City, Court, Parliament, or Church, are so tempting and so suited to the greedy Appetite, that they never fail to set us all together by the Ears; here are Printing-Presses for *Rehearsals*, and Libraries stor'd with Books in all the Parts of Infernal Learning. Shall I give you a Piece of a Catalogue out of but one Class in the vast Collection to be found in that black Store-house?

1. *Mysteria Subterranea*, in 12 Volumes in *Folio*, containing a vast Variety of Political Schemes, fram'd by the exactest Rules of Infernal Policy, and suited exactly to the proper Work of dividing Kingdoms, overthrowing Nations, raising Wars, Tumults, Rebellions, and all Sorts of Commotions in the World, *Auctore Belzebub Blackissimo Typis Pandemonianis, Anno Mundi primo.*

These are Books of great Esteem in that horrid Place, and are like the Sibylls of the Country, in which are treasur'd up the Foundation Law of *Satbans* Progression, and the *Magna Charta* of all his Infernal Region, the Sciences of all his Pupils, and the Syntax of the universal Language they speak there.

It is too long to enter into the particular Chapters in these Books; I wonder, an Abridgment of it has never been to be found in the many Volumes of the Works of the Learned, the *Acta Eruditorum*, or the 17 Volumes collected in *Germany*, publish'd at *Leipsick*, or some or other of our Collectors of strange Authors.

2. *De Modo Wheedlicandi*, in two Volumes in *Folio*, nicely divided betwixt the Court and the Clergy, a very useful Book for the

Missionaries dispatch'd from that wise Region—Wherein you have peculiar Directions for Orators to make long Speeches, and sit down and cry in the middle of them, and then go on again; Others for printing Speeches after made, to affect the Rabble, and raise *Hosannahs* from the Mobb—

Then there are Directions how to propagate Contention by crying up Peace, how to take Oaths for a large Benefice, and under the Shelter of a black Gown and a whining Sermon, spread Wildfire and Contention against the Power they swear to—

There are Topicks of Discourse calculated to draw and twist about every Subject to the proper End of deceiving the ignorant People, and Schemes of Ways and Means how to bring in People to be the Agents of their own Destruction.

3. *Systema Discordiarum, seu Visilitationum Tractatus*, in fifty large Volumes in *Folio*, containing original Rules for Prevention of all Manner of publick Harmony in the World; such as tacking of Persecution to a War for Liberty, uniting *Nonjurant Scots* Bishops to an *English* Church, protesting against Union of Parties without Union of Principles, making Priests Magistrates, and Magistrates Bigotts—Here you have a very fine Translation of 2000 *English* Sermons, all preach'd on the 30th of *January*—

In this large Work you have a Collection of a great many valluable scarce Peices, which till you look in here, you will hardly find the Genealogy of; such as (1.) An original System of *Priest-Craft*; 'tis thought, *Hickringbill* took his Hints from it; (2.) the private Conference at *Hampton Court* as it was concerted first below, the Affair itself being only a *Rehearsal* to it; (3.) the Book of *Sports* fairly drawn, with Infernal Annotations to explain the particular Services, which that nice Work would render to the Interest of King *Satban* in the World; the *Et Cetera Oaths*, and all its Beauties of necessary Perjury; the *Five Mile Act*, the Contrivance of black *Bartholomew Day*, both at *Paris* and in *England*, the Schemes for destroying the Bill of Exclusion, the Original of the Occasional Bill, as it was convey'd *ab Inferis* immediately to Parson *K*— of *Coventry*, by him concerted with Mr.